



## Blocks



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### Chapter 1 by annie claire

In the room where my kitten can be found curled up on the cushions and where the bookshelves soar like skyscrapers. To the right of my great grandma's emerald green sofa and just above the rug, there's a compartment in which my next hour of joy is stored. On the days that mom says it's much too icy to play outside and the days when I'm too restless to read a book, I find myself towering over the colorful cubes sprawled out on the carpet in disarray. I start with a fortress, a blockade that looks as though it could house Eskimos. I keep adding on to the igloo of letters, until I decide to forgo my creation. The best part, my favorite part, is the demolishing of the blocks. One by one, they tumble down much like the Tower of Babel. Flashes of color and lettering make their involuntary descent. Feeling as though I am Godzilla, I trample down my little city—I'm invincible. That is, until my mom expresses her expectation of me to tidy up my scattered mess.

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